Oh *Richard!* *Yorke* is too farre gone with griefe,
Or elſe he neuer would compare betweene.
King. Why Vncle, whats the matter?
Yorke. Oh my Liege, pardon me if you pleaſe,
If not, I pleaſd, not to be pardoned, am content withall:
Seeke you to ſeize and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of baniſht *Herford?*
Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not *Herford* liue?
Was not *Gaunt* iuſt? and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deſerue to haue an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well deſeruing ſonne?
Take *Herfords* right away, and take from time,
His Charters and his cuſtomarie rights;
Let not to morrow then enſue to day:
Be not thy ſelfe; For how art thou a King,
But by faire ſequence, and ſucceſſion?
Now afore God, God forbid I ſay true,
If you doe wrongfully ſeize *Herfords* right,
Call in the Letters Patents that he hath
By his attournies generall to ſue
His liuery, and deny his offered homage,
You plucke a thouſand dangers on your head,
You looſe a thouſand well diſpoſed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to thoſe thoughts,
Which honour and allegeance cannot thinke.
King. Thinke what you will, we ſeize into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money and his Land.
Yorke. Ile not be by the while, my Liege farewell,
What will enſue heereof, ther's none can tell:
But by bad courſes may be vnderſtood,
That their events can neuer fall out good. *Exit.*
King. Go Buſhie, to the Earle of Wiltſhire ſtraight,
Bid him repayre to vs to *Eſtye* houſe,
To ſee this buſineſſe: to morrow next
We will for Ireland, and t'is time I trow;
And wee create in abſence of our ſelfe,
Our Vnckle Yorke, Lord Gouernour of England;
For he is iuſt, and alwaies loued vs well:

Come